



Westminster-Abbey:

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P O E M.



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P O E M.

— *Æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes & imos:
Omne capax movet urna numer.*

Hor. Lib. iii. Od 1.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BATLEY at the Dove in Pater-
noster-Row, 1721. m



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To the Right Reverend Father in G O D

F R A N C I S,

Lord Bishop of *Rocheſter,*

A N D

Dean of *Westminſter.*

My LORD,



*H E ſervile Dedications
of ſeveral of our modern
Poets, are ſo vile, that the
very Name of Dcdication is
become Scandalous : And, as
thoſe Addreſſes began, when
the Vices of a DOMITIAN
ſtood in need of being veiled
under falſe Colours of Virtue, ſo now we have
Characters equally black, ſet off in the ſame
man-*

DEDICATION.

manner : The profligate Patron cannot now fail of the scribbling Parasite ; and, as it is fit, that Vice should have Ignorance, and Impudence to Worship it, so we have an Age equally productive of both. Nay, to such an height have those extravagant Reptiles carried their Encomiums, that the Patron himself has blush'd, not^a because he thought how opposite they were to his Character, but because he was fearful lest the Fine Gentlemen should be lost in the Good, and the World mistake him for a Christian.

I have ever avoided to join in with this vile Herd of Addressers ; and as I have had the happiness to be unacquainted with gilded Villany, so had I never the Inclination to Compliment it ; But having a fairer Mark, I could not slip this Opportunity of shewing in what manner and Language we should apply to real Merit, and convince those Fawners, that as Virtue shines by its own Light, so it disdains the mean Assistance of false Colours.

But these Papers are Yours (my Lord) upon another score, as they were collected in the sacred Limits of your Jurisdiction, and therefore ought to be thrown at your Feet before they are sent into the World : Nor would I
miss

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tious
much
Fathe
may

DEDICATION.

miss this occasion of telling an impious licentious Age, that I dare esteem Religion as much as they despise it, by Addressing to a Father and Ornament of it; which that you may long be, is the earnest Prayer of

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient

and humble Servant.

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USE, leave a while soft *Venus*
and her Joys,
Her wanton Sparrows and her
blooming Boys.

Love's flaming Brand aside neglectful throw,
His shining Arrows and his bending Bow.
Throw a thick Veil around thy radiant Head,
And lead me through the Dwellings of the
Dead:

B

Where

Where *Loves* no more but marble Angels
moan,

And little Cherubs seem to sob in Stone.

Nor daring to attempt th' extended View,
Nor draw the Draughts Majestick *Denham*
drew ;

Nor throw in never-fading Shades the Green
Of *Windsor's-Forest*, and the Sylvan Scene ;
Nor in the lively painted Landskip show
Woodstock's inspir'd Groves, or *Clermont's* flag-
gy Brow :

I pensive, to more solemn Scenes retire ;
To the long founded Isle, and hallow'd Quire :
Where moss-grown Turrets crown the Reve-
rend Seat,

And Battlements with chattering Daws replete :

In

In holy Contemplation wrap'd, profound,
 Indulg'd by the loud-pealing Organ's Sound :
 With Eye erect the figur'd Roof behold,
 Rich with Intaglio, and bestreak'd with Gold ;
 While the gay-pictur'd Windows, richly dight,
 Project a painted Shade and stain the Rays of Light.
 My Mind prepar'd by Images like these,
 And lower'd to sober Thought by just Degrees ;
 Lead on my Muse, while trembling I essay,
 To trace thy Footsteps thro' the cloyster'd Way ;
 Where faded Guidons now by Age decay'd,
 Hang nodding lazy o'er their Master's Head ;
 Banners once waving terrible in War,
 Entang'ling Webbs, and dusty Ruin share ;
 Brighten the Trophies from the eating Rust,
 And from the Marble Statues wipe the Dust ;
 Repair the chap-fall'n Helm, the Corset gila,
 And clean the Colours of the dusty Shield.

Seize

Seize plodding *Time*, and stop him in his Way,
 Restrain his Pinion, and intreat his Stay ;
 Bid him recline his Scythe on every Tomb,
 And name the Tenant of the darksome Room :
 Tombs, which no more their Characters retain ;
 Where marble Statues blow the Trump in vain ;
 Where rais'd Inscriptions under Ruins lye,
 Hid, like their Owners, in Obscurity.

WITH wild Surprize I cast my Eyes around,
 And press with trembling Feet the holy Ground ;
 A sacred, solemn Fire inflames my Soul,
 My Breast a thousand crouding Thoughts con-
 trouls.

SAY, shall I sing of Man's uncertain State,
 And prove from hence the various Laws of Fate :
 The doubtful Chance of hapless Mortals show,
 And

And strange Vicissitude of Things below :
 The sure Event of humane Life display,
 Man's feeble Power, and Death's unbounded
 Sway :

Whom, nor can Might oppose, nor Wealth
 intreat ;

Nor Learning's Influence his Attempts defeat ;
 Nor Piety with most prevailing Pray'r ;
 Nor fenceful Shields, nor forceful Arms in War :
 Impartial to the Great, the Learn'd, the Brave,
 The lab'ring Peasant, and the shackel'd Slave,
 He joins the Rochet and the Coat of Mail,
 And in his Fasces binds the Scepter with the Flail.

ROUND Sainted * *Edward's* Chapel turn
 thy Eyes,
 Where gilded Majesty in Ruin lies.

* *Edward* the Confessor's Chapel, the antient Place
 of Sepulture for our Kings.

Here

Here Princes glowing sit with purple State,
 Here lay their Heads beneath the Foot of Fate.
 To mount his Throne, the Monarch bends his
 Way,

O'er Pavements where his Predecessors lay;
 Sure to revisit the old sacred Fane,
 When he 'as perform'd his Part, and acted thro'
 his Reign.

YE Sons of Empire, who in pompous Hour!
 Attend to wear the cumb'rous Robes of Pow'r,
 When you proceed along the shouting Way,
 Think there's a second Visit still to pay:
 Now purple Pride, and shouting Joy appears;
 Then black Proceſſion, and attending Tears.

AND when in State on buried Kings you
 tread,
 And swelling Robes sweep spreading o're the
 dead;

While

While, like a God, you cast your Eyes around,
 Think then, O think ! you walk on treach'-
 rous Ground.

Tho' firm the checquer'd Pavement seems to be,
 'Twill surely open and give Way to thee.

And while the crouding Lords address them near
 Th' anointing Prelate, and the kneeling Peer ;

While with obsequious Diligence they bow,
 And spread the careful Honours o'er thy Brow ;

While the high-rais'd Spectators shout around,
 And the long Isles and vaulted Roofs resound :

Then snatch a sudden Thought, and turn thy
 Head

From the loud Living to the silent Dead :

With careful Eye the neighb'ring Tombs
 survey,

These will instruct thee better far than they :

From

From loud Applause your present Pow'r you see,
 But these inform thee what thou'rt sure to be.
 Think, that like thee, they fill'd the antique Chair,
 And wore the very Vestments that you wear ;
 They wore the weighty Diadem like thee,
 Like thee receiv'd the Kifs, and bended Knee ;
 Hear'd the same loud Applauses rend the Sky,
 And lastly, think they dy'd, as you must dye.
 Like *Damocles* you sit, a dangerous Show,
 His Threatning hung above, your Warning calls
 below.

MUSE search the Earth, the Sacred Ground
 explore!

What Monarchs rest beneath the marble Floor,
 By *Segibert's*, and *Harold's* Ashes trace,
 Of *Saxon* this, and that of *Danish* Race;

A People rough, who rul'd with Pirate sway.
 And bend to Sainted *Edward's* Shrine thy way,
 For pious Spleen and fancied Visions known,
 And fitter for a Cell than for a Throne :
 Who made Religion serve for each Pretence,
 And pleaded Conscience for his Impotence ;
 While soft *Editha* sigh'd, a wedded Maid,
 And wail'd the peaceful Partner of her Bed,
 Yet where his Merit bid's Applauses bring,
 And justly praise the visionary King ;
 Who earnestly espous'd Religion's cause,
 And blest the State by well-establish'd Laws ;
 His life in quiet Contemplation spent,
 Nor undeserv'dly claims the Name of Saint.
 But all in vain is Piety to save,
 The praying Votary meets th' expecting Grave.

A grateful deference pay to * *Henry's Tomb*,
 Whose royal Hands uprear'd the stately Dome;
 The lofty Columns in long Order plac'd,
 The shooting Spires with living Sculpture grac'd,
 The Roof embow'd which tires the erected Eye,
 And Towers fill'd with stately Imagery.

NOT thus the Place in *Albion's* early Days;
 For where thy Height the neighbouring Fields
 surveys,

A lonely ** *Island* near *Augusta* lay,
 Where *Thames* in silver Currents winds his way;
 Around the Isle he branch'd his circling Tyde,
 The Margin kiss'd, and wash'd the rushy Side.

* *Hen. III.* pull'd down the Building by *E. Conf.* and founded the Abbey as it now stands.

** The Place anciently call'd *Thorney-Island*, where stood a Temple of *Apollo*.

There

There stood a Fane with Groves conceal'd from

Show,

Sacred to *Cynthius* with the silver Bow ;

Where holding out his Lyre the Statue stood,

With Lawrel wreath'd of the *far-shooting God* ;

The white rob'd *Flamens* waited all around,

Their snowy Locks with purple Fillets bound ;

The Statue shakes while spicy Altars shine,

And doubtful Answers issue from the Shrine.

BUT when pure heavenly Truths were spread
abroad,

And Darkness fled with close demoniack Fraud,

The hellish Pow'rs recede in every Place,

Nor *Flamens* wait, nor Spicy Altar's Blaze :

The *Pagan* Chiefs fair *Truth's* approach admire,

Whilst *Error* and confus'd Deceit retire ;

They found Success, on Christian Heroes wait,
 And saw *that to be Good, was to be Great* ;
 Then infant *Piety* to Arts unknown,
 Unskill'd in Fraud, and *Innocence* were one ;
 With sober Steps *Religion* took her Way,
 And spread with humble Looks, her easy Sway :
 With Eye attractive, heavenly Laws disclos'd,
 Courted with friendly Speech, not forcively im-
 pos'd.

HER Priests an honest innoſensive Race,
 With Looks ſincere, and undeſigning Face ;
 Unweariedly, to ſerve their *Miſtreſs* fought,
 And ev'ry one believ'd the Truths he taught ;
 Nor influenc'd by Pow'r or Views of Sway,
 Their Hopes in nothing but Reverſions lay.
 Strangers to Wealth, the ſelf-denying Train,
 Not Livings fought, but Proſelites to gain ;

Then

Then *Phæbus*' Fane, and fraudulent Rites no more,
 Were seen, his hated Oracles were o're ;
 Thy sacred Building triumph'd in its Stead,
 Swell'd with white Walls, and rear'd its rev'rend
 Head.

BUT I desist to sing thy ancient State,
 Thy various Structure, and thy Change of Fate ;
 How raging *Danes* inwrap'd thy Walls with Fire,
 And impious Flames gleam'd horrid round the
 Quire ;
 Thy hinnen'd Priests distain'd with crimson Gore,
 And spread with Blood the slip'ry marble Floor ;
 Then *Edward* rais'd thee from the ruin'd Spoils,
 Thy Columns rear'd, and stretch'd thy level Isles.

THY sacred Pile in a late impious Age,
 Felt the fresh Fury of a civil Rage ;

When

When hellish Spite, licentious Wretches led,
 T'assault th' anointed, and the miter'd *Head*,
 When nothing sacred scap'd th' outrageous Force,
 Nor awful Temples stop'd their wastful Course ;
 Thy Roofs with Shouts resound, the hostile Bands,
 Thy Altars broke with sacrilegious Hands ;
 Thy *Prince's* Tombs defac't with raging Spite,
 And lay'd the venerable Scene to Light :
 Then broken Trophies lay a savage Spoil,
 And batter'd Monuments bestrew'd the Isle :
 They burnt thy Ornaments, and fed the Flame,
 With vocal Musick, and *Cæcilia's* Frame ;
 Thy Vestments spread the Shoulders of the Croud,
 Us'd to the servile Whip and bending Load :
 Thy rev'rend Priests were forc'd to quit the Place,
 To hot brain'd Zealots, a destructive Race.
 Religion then sunk down her decent Head,
 And wild Disorder triumph'd in her Stead ;

Till

Till Heav'n with pitying Eye survey'd the Land,
 Drew back his Arm, and stop'd his angry Hand:
 Restor'd to just Command the royal Train,
 And calm Religion re-assum'd its Reign.

To *Harry* still another Trophy raise,
 A Cause as weighty calls for equal Praise;
 He laid down Laws the *Standards of his Reign,
 And brought *Austrea* on the Earth again:
 These to secure our brave Fore-Fathers stood,
 Fenc'd with their Swords, and guarded with
 their Blood;
 Show'd with undaunted Souls, and Courage brave,
 An English-man disdains the Name of Slave:
 Boldly they fought and back'd the glorious Cause,
 To save their Liberty, and guard their Laws.

* *Magna Charta,*

O sacred *Liberty*, of heavenly Birth!
 Joy of Mankind, and Gladder of the Earth!
 At thy Approach the Land begins to smile,
 And chearful Plenty covers *Albion's* Isle:
 Your Looks like Heav'n, a chearful Light display,
 And Peace and Honour tend upon thy way:
 By thee encourag'd, Peasants turn the Plain,
 And yellow Harvests wave with golden Grain;
 The barren Heath smiles new with sudden Grace,
 And party-colour'd Meadows cloth the Place.
 From careless sleep you rouse the idle Swain,
 Pale meagre Slav'y flies thy glorious Reign;
 You break her Iron Yoke, and snap her brazen
 Chain.
 Where e'er you tread, where e'er you turn your
 Eyes,
 Large Cities spread, and swelling Tow'rs arise;
 The Trees descend from Mountains to the Plain,
 And *Britain's* Navy launches to the Main.

Let

Let *India* boast the Riches of her Shore,
 Her beamy Diamond, and her shining Store;
 Let rich *Peru* admire her wealthy Plains,
 And Soil diversify'd with silver Veins:
 Let *Italy* her antique Structures boast;
 And *France* her fruitful Vines, and pleasing Coast;
 Thy Sons exult in native Liberties,
 These fire their Breasts, and sparkle in their Eyes.

EVER rever'd be mighty * *Edward's* Name,
 Distinguish'd in th' eternal Rolls of Fame;
 Who made the Camp in early Youth his Care,
 Train'd up in Tents, and taught the Arts of War.
 The *Asian* Plains and *Pagan* Annals tell
 What Towns were levell'd, and what Armies
 fell,

* *Edward I.*

D

When

When *Syria* trembled at the Trumpet's sound,
 And impious Tenants fled the *holy Ground*;
 The *English* * *Pards* in waving Banners flew,
 And the pale Cressents faded at the View.

He brought the *Cambrians* rough beneath his
 Rule,

And spread his Conquests to the utmost *Thule* :
 Made the Decider of the *Scotish* State,

While two contending Princes held Debate :
 At length subdu'd them to his sole Command,
 And led his Conquests through th' affrighted
 Land :

The Pow'r united to the British Throne,
 And brought the regal Ornaments from *Scone* :
 But Tyrant Death with arbitrary sway,
 Oppos'd his Conquests, and restrain'd his Way;

* *Leopards*.

And him, who thought a Kingdom narrow
 Room,
 Confin'd to the close Limits of a Tomb ;
 Mingled with common Dust the Great, the
 Brave,
 And *Victory* fat drooping o'er his Grave ;
 Her Glory's dim'd when they to shine begun,
 And un-invok'd her Name by his degen'rate
 * Son.

Till the third *Edward* rose, a mighty Name,
 Whose Dust, as next his Grandfires, next his
 Fame.

He wak'd the sleeping *Genius* of the Isle,
 And mighty Conquests gain'd with mighty Toil

* *Edward* II.

His Pow'r unbounded by his native Land,
 To foreign Nations spread its wide Command;
 Then *Gallia* trembling, heard the loud Alarms,
 And sheath'd her Valiant Sons in fenciful Arms.

MUSE, sing the Actions of the Warriour
 Train,
 And sketch a Draught of *Cressy's* dusty Plain;
 Let two bold Nations stand in fierce Array,
 And *Gauls* and *Britains* try superior Sway.

DRAW mighty *Edward*, as he conq'ring
 stood,
 The Lillies on his Shield stain'd red with *Gal-*
lick Blood.

Near him illustrious *Gaunt*, a mighty Name,
Manny and *Chandois*, Chiefs of deathless Fame,
 While

While Heaps of Bodies strew'd the bloody Plain,
 And *Death's* black Lift was crowded with the
 slain :

On his pale Steed between the Ranks he rode,
 And tho' insatiate seem'd as cloy'd with Blood :
 The Fates were all employ'd in cutting Thread,
 And trembling *Gallia* sunk her fainting Head.

A Conquest gain'd, and hostile Terrors done
 Next draw the Monarch peaceful on his Throne;
 Place Liberty and Right on either Hand,
 While round his Throne his grave Advisers stand,
 Let *Plenty* from her Lap her Blessings strow,
 And pleasing *Peace* extend her Olive Bough :
 At lovely *Windsor* lay the stately Scene ;
 Proud in white Walls, and a surrounding Green,
 Show his Companion warriour Knights around,
 Their just Deserts with lasting Honour crown'd :

Draw

Draw the blue Cincture round the Hero's Thigh,
 While Acclamations rend the vaulted Sky ;
 While Crowds their Joys exprefs in Shouts
 around
 And ecchoing Towr's and hollow Domes re-
 found.

THUS having view'd the Monarch and his
 Train,
 And all th' unnumber'd Wonders of his Reign ;
 Say, what can influence fuch a glorious State ?
And is not fo much Pow'r exempt from Fate ?
 No, Tyrant *Death*, impartially fevere,
 At the Gold Verge directs th' unerring Spear ;
 Stalks thro' the Marble Court with heedless
 Stride,
 And ftrips the Ornaments from Regal Pride.

Now

N o w show th' unmask'd Delusion if you can,
And as the *Monarch* dies, describe the *Man*.

His fading Eyes no darting Terrors wear,
His dewy Fore-head pale, no more severe;
Nor from his Lips observ'd Directions flow,
But fault'ring Pray'rs, and inward plaints of Woe:
Struggling in dying Agonies he lies,
And sees his dying Friends draw off with swim-
ming Eyes:

His fawning Train to the next Monarch fled,
All who but wait for Spoil, and long to strip
the Dead.

Y E Gilded Sons of Pow'r, this Verse attend,
Mark *Edward's* Fate, and learn to know your
End.

To

To hapless **Richard's* Tomb direct thy Eye,
 And view the Earth where his fair Ruins lie :
 Illustrious born, victorious ** *Edward's* Son ;
 Heir to his Grandfire's Conquests and his Thone,
 With blooming Youth adorn'd a heav'nly Grace,
 And all his † *Mother* sparkled in his Face ;
 A Form for Grief design'd, a goodly Show,
 Fram'd as *a most illustrious Piece of Woe* :
 By Nature plac'd in that exalted State,
 To prove that *nor the Beauteous, nor the Great* }
Nor Form, nor Pow'r, are Wards secure from }
Fate.

Safe in the Earth the bleeding Monarch lies,
 Nor rebel Subjects vex, nor kindred Foes sur-
 prize ;

* *Rich. II.* murdered at *Pontefract-Castle*. ** *Edw.*
 the Black Prince. † For her Beauty call'd *Joan the fair*.

The Ruler in his peaceful Grave alone,
 Who *finds a Tomb much safer than a Throne* ;
 His Silence none invades with wild Uproar,
 Nor breaks the marble Barriers of the Door.

Do, haughty *Harry*, *urge imperious Sway,
 Explore thy Master's Breast to find to Pow'r the
 Way ;
 On his fair Ruins plant thy bloody Feet,
 And tread on the pale Corpse to mount his Seat ;
 With eager Haste crowd in th' unvacant Throne,
 And bind thy Brows with Honours not thy own :
 Nor stretch the Scepter'd Power of just Com-
 mand,
 But gripe the reeking Sword with bloody Hand.

* *Henry IV.*

Yet know, ambitious Man, too vainly Great
 You court fallacious Good, a toilsome State,
 And purchase Trouble with a Price too great.

More happy *Richard*, in a timely Hour,
 Divested of the cumb'rous Robes of Pow'r,
 Not shuffl's thro' a short precarious Reign;
 Nor toils, a doubtful * Title to maintain;
 Nor stands in Armour dang'rous on the Throne;
 Nor wears the Helmet underneath the Crown:
 Nor makes, by frequent Deaths, his Title good;
 Nor writes his Annals with his Nobles Blood:
 No † *Son* of his shall rule a short-liv'd State,
 Nor Race shall share thy *bleeding* || *Grandson's*
 Fate.

* Alluding to the Troubles and Insurrections.

† *Hen. V.* whose Reign was short and confus'd.

|| *Hen VI.* murder'd by *Rich. III.*

LET then th' Usurper boast the hated Fame,
 Mention'd no more at the *fifth Henry's* Name.
 Let ravish'd Banners load the ancient Tomb,
 And ratling Trophies crowd the Sacred Room,
 Ye God-like Relicks! Peace and Quiet share;
 Nor hear again the well-known Voice of War,

MUSE, pass the other crowding Princes o'er,
 And Royal Dust dispers'd beneath the Floor;
 Where fam'd *Plantagenets* fill'd up the Place,
 Nor left a Tomb for a succeeding Race,
 Till * *Richmond* most auspicious Name arose,
 Who bound in one each fair contending Rose;
 Who bad the loud contending Parties cease,
 And furl their long-wav'd Banners up in Peace.

* *Henry VII.*

He with new Glories did the Structure grace,
 And stretch'd the Limits of the Sacred Place ;
 Rear'd up the Beauties of the Eastern Dome,
 And finish'd Wonders for the Age to come :
 Where Gothick Tow'rs, irregular, deride
 The juster Order of Corinthian Pride ;
 Where the nice Statuary's Skill is shown
 In living Sculpture, and the figur'd Stone,
 With vast expensive Pride adorn'd the Place,
 Fit to contain the Ashes of his Race.
 Himself the first Possessor of the Dome,
 Greatly Interr'd, and Glorious in a Tomb,
 Where gilded Brass attracts with stately show,
 The Thoughts from a more loathsome View
 below.
 For could the Eye but pierce the dark Recess,
 And see what Forms the brazen Statues press ;

View

View how the mouldring putrid Relicks lay,
 Like *common Dust*, and *undistinguish'd Clay*,
 Our Minds would deeply fix on Sights, like these,
 Nor all the outward pompous show would please.

THUS mighty *Cæsar*, when with boundless
 Sway

He led to lofty *Memphian* Towr's his way,
 Curious to have the bury'd Relicks shown,
 And sleeping Form of *Ammon's* fabl'd Son,
 Descends the Marble Vault, and darkling spies
 By a dim Lamp, where the great *Conq'rer* lies ;
 But now no more by God-like Features known,
 No Marks of what *Lysippus* fram'd in Stone ;
 But the moist Carkass nest's a hateful Brood,
 The hissing Serpent, and the panting Toad :

He

Suspicion's ceas'd, and jarring Discord's o'er,
Peaceful they rest in Death, and Jealous now
no more.

A near adjoyning Structure strikes my Eye
With the same glorious Form and Imag'ry,
Where *Scotland's* bleeding *Queen* in quiet
sleeps,
While o'er her Grave the Marble Statue weeps.
Unhappy *Mary*, Heav'n reserv'd for thee
A World of Grief, a most severe Decree.
Not all the Glories of thy royal Race,
Nor all th' unequal'd Beauties of thy Face ;
Not thy extended Pow'r and lengthen'd State,
Could ward thee from the rudest Stokes of Fate ;
By Rebel Subjects ev'ry where pursu'd,
Whose Hands were in thy *Husband's* Blood
imbru'd.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of Government, and wide Command,
You fled to our unhospitable Land.

Where not thy Kindred-Blood, nor Reign
distrest,

Could move Concern in great *Eliza's* Breast.

Justice and Right are counted trivial things,
And Ties of Blood are empty Pleas with Kings.

In seeking royal Privilege undone,
You found that Ruin, which you strove to shun:

Thee **Chatworth* Walls a length of Years detain
Midst *Derby's* craggy Hills and barren Plain;

Till great *Eliza's* Reign by Age decay'd,
And Honour's ** tend on the great *Captive's*

Head.

Thy Hand is stretch'd the scepter'd Pow'r to hold,
And thy fair Fore-head waits the circling Gold;

* *Chatworth*, a Seat of the present D. of *Devonshire*, in which she was 20 Years a Prisoner.

** She was presumptive Heir to the Crown.

But

But thy stretch'd Hand no scepter'd Pow'r shall
bear,

Nor circling Gold shall bind thy Fore-head fair;

Nor shalt thou at *Eliza's* Funeral moan,

Nor fill the regal Chair, nor mount the Throne:

For thee's reserv'd a darker Share of Fate,

A pageantry of Death, instead of State:

Thy publick Scene is laid another way;

Not in great **Rufus'* Hall, but † *Foth'ringhay*:

There stands no Throne to mount with awful
Grace,

But the hung Scaffold blackens all the Place.

There not by fawning Peers, or Lords address'd,

But th' Executioner, and solemn Priest.

Thy sacred Knees in grov'ling Posture spread,

Thy lovely Neck unveil'd, th' anointed Head

* The Hall at *Westminster*. † *Fotheringhay* Castle
in *Northamptonshire*, in the Hall of which she was Beheaded.

Muff'd to wait the executing Blow,
 Then to the Crowd expos'd a publick Show.
 Thy pale Majestick Face with Blood distain'd,
 Held up in scorn by a mean Wretch's Hand.
 What in thy Rival could such anger move,
 That *Pallas* thus should use the *Queen of Love*?
 Such was, unhappy Queen, thy rigid Fate,
 To fall a Victim to the Turns of State,
 And publick Good, a most fallacious View,
Which few o'ertake, tho' seeming, all pursue.

PROCEEDING on the royal Dust to trace,
 And mark the Ashes of the *Stuart's* Race.
 The Muse with a forbidding Air drew near,
 She check'd my Hand, and whisper'd in my Ear;
*Forbear, advent'rous Youth, a Task so great,
 Nor sing the various doubtful Turns of State:*

Desist

*Desist to venture on the Regal Train,
 Down from Pacifick James to Pious Ann;
 Remit the Task to Bards of happier Time,
 When well-told Truth shall cease to be a Crime.*

So spake the Muse, and bowing I obey'd
 The just Direction of the *Aonian* Maid,
 Leaving the Royal Catacombs, retreat,
 Nor dwell on mention of each buried Great.
 By *Sandwich*, famous in the watry Chace,
 And *Monk*, Restorer of the Royal Race,
 I pass, when sudden, Staggering grew my Feet,
 And my Heart glow'd with more than common
 Heat;

With rev'rence on the Floor I fix'd my Eyes,
 Where *Addison* near Great *Eliza*' lies;
 While o'er his Dust the Muse triumphing sings,
 Proud that her Fav'rite Son is mingled with her
 Kings;

Exults herself in such a heav'nly Guest,
 And boasts his Ashes more than all the rest :
 Dust, which will mark preserve the marble
 Floor,

When *Henry's* brazen Tomb shall be no more.
 The Poet's Name can strike a Pale a-round,
 And where he rests, he consecrates the Ground;
 Can from rude Hands the sculptur'd Marble save,
 And spread a sacred Influence round the Grave.
 Thus *Virgil's* Tomb attracts the Trav'ler's Eyes,
 While none can tell where great *Augustus* lies.

DESCENDING hence from the illustrious Dome,
 Lost in a Maze, by diff'rent ways I roam,
 Thro' hallow'd Mansions I my Course pursue,
 And high-rais'd Fun'ral Pride, with Wonder
 view.

MUSE,

MUSE, sing what Sepulchres our Fathers chose!
 And how the monumental Structures rose;
 How by degrees their diff'rent Frames were
 shown,
 And the keen Chisel first inform'd the Stone.

THE *Britons* rough, a People us'd to War,
 Fields their Employment, and the Camp their
 Care;

Always in arms to save their Native Land,
 And guard their Lives from each invading Hand:
 A People Free, unknowing how to yield,
 Met Death with Courage in the dusty Field;
 Unshock'd with *Roman* Armies, a glit'ring show,
 By *Cæsar* found no inconsiderate Foe;
 Daring the Death, fell each Heroick Brave,
 And gasping press'd the Earth he stood to save.

His

His Brother Chiefs the godlike Corps survey'd,
 And pay'd a grateful Honour to his Shade ;
 Rough as himself they rear a lasting Tomb,
 A great Example for the Race to come.
 His share of Earth each grateful Warriour lent,
 And rear'd a Mountain for a Monument ;
 Which Force nor eating Age can e'er decay,
 Ev'n *Ninus* Tombs shall sooner fall than they.
 Spread thro' our Plains the rising *Hills are seen,
 Unshock'd with Storms, and cloth'd with na-
 tive Green ;
 On which the Shepherd takes his Mid-day
 Dreams,
 Fames 'em for Fairy Mounts, and gives them un-
 couth Names.

* Call'd by *Cambden* and others, the *Barrows*. These
 Earth *Tumulus* are frequent in several Parts of *England* :
 and particularly, I think, I have seen one of the highest and
 most remarkable on the *Downs*, beyond *Marlborough*, near
 a small Village called *Avery*.

But

BUT when the *Saxons* rough enslav'd the
Place,

And Pirate *Danes*, the worst of Gothick Race,
As either strugled for superior Sway,
And *Albion's* Plains became the common Prey :
They made the Grave of each *great Robber*
known,

By rais'd up Rocks, and rough unpolish'd *Stone.

THE Christian Chiefs in decent manner rest,
In the hewn Coffin, and the hollow Chest ;
But no vile Epitaph bely'd the Dead,
For with the Corps they inclos'd the letter'd
† Lead.

* Such as *Stonehenge*, &c.

† The Inscriptions us'd by some of the *Britons*, were only the Name of the Person cut upon a small Plate of Lead, which was sometimes fix'd upon the Stone Coffin ; but more frequently laid upon the Breast of the Corps ; of which there are several Instances ; but particularly see *Sommer's Ant. of Cant.* upon finding the Body of St. *Dunstan*, A. B.

Such

Such *Arthur* thine near fair *Glassonia* found,
The * Druid's Song directing to the Gronnd.

THE *Normans* first of ** Oak-enduring gave,
The imitative Warriour o'er the Grave,
Whose uncouth Images till now are shown,
Scorning the Aid of less enduring Stone.
With Legs † a-cross the Warriour Statues lay,
Like *Valence* in enamel'd Surcoat gay.

* *Henry II.* being at *Monmouth* Castle in *Wales*, heard a Druid, or ancient Bard, in a Song under the Castle Window, describe the Place of K. *Arthur's* Burial, (then unknown) : Upon which a Search was made, and the Coffin and Bodies of him and *Geneura* his Queen, found in the Church-yard of *Glastenbury*.

** The *Normans*, upon their first Settlement in *England*, framed their Statues of Oak painted in proper Colours of which we have several remaining less injur'd by Time, than those of Stone ; as *Robert Duke of Gloucester*, *Hugh de Loughspee*, and others

† The Warriours who had been upon Expeditions in the Holy Land, were represented lying Cross-leg'd ; such are the Knights in the Temple-Church, &c. This *Amery de Valence* lies in this Abby, the Statue of Wood with a Surcoat of Brass, enameled with his Arms.

Next

Next with grey Marble fram'd the Fun'ral Bed,
 And kneeling Angels prop'd the muff'd Head ;
 And wanting neat and just Designs, provide,
 Arches and Spires, and Loads of Gothick Pride :
 While round the Verge provencal Gibberish
 chimes
 With jingling latin Verse, and barb'rous monkish
 Rhimes.

Upon their Backs the ancient Statues lie,
 Devoutly fix'd with Hands uplifted high,
 Intreating Pray'rs of all the Passers by.

At length they chang'd the Posture by degrees,
 And plac'd the Marble Vot'ry on its Knees :
 Then Warriours rough devoutly Heav'n adore,
 And States-men kneel who never knelt before :
 Then Ornaments superfluous were known,
 To spoil the native Beauty of the Stone :
 The rich-vein'd Porph'ry we, surpriz'd, behold,
 Vermilion painted and inlay'd with Gold :

G

Where

Where long Inscriptions at such Distance lie,
 Not to be read by the inspecting Eye.
 Next a less pious Posture they provide,
 On Cushions lolling, stretch'd with careless Pride.
 With wringing Hands the little Cherubs moan,
 And Fun'ral Lamps, which seem to blaze in Stone,
 And marble Urns with juster Beauty stand,
 And rich Relievo shews the Master's Hand;
 Or the neat Altar with a Busto grac'd,
 In Roman Pride, like * that which *Sheffield*
 plac'd:

SEE where the artful Politician lies,
 The once so pow'rful, eloquent and wise:
 Then hail'd with Shouts and Acclamations loud,
 Thro' publick Ways the Idol of the Crowd.
 Soon to his Levée buzzing Courtiers run,
 And wait his issuing forth, as Peasants wait the
 Sun. But

* Mr. Dryden's.

But all their toilsome hurry being o'er,
 Unman'd they rest, remember'd now no more.
 Succeeding Peers supply their pompous Room,
 The Summer's Sun surveys their silent Tomb,
 Just nam'd to rude Spectators as they pass,
 And the Wand bounds upon the sounding Brass;
 Not all their wardful skill to save the State,
 Could guard themselves from the rude Strokes of
 Fate,
 Nor Forecast, nor Persuasion could prolong
 Their Days; the studious Head and artful
 Tongue.
 Pleads all in vain, for Silence must prevail,
 And *Harcourt's* Eloquence at length must fail.

WITH these co-mix'd in the oblivious State,
 I view the nobly born, the Rich and Great;
 The once elated Look and haughty Brow,
 But ah how alter'd and dejected now!

Muse, show a Scene of the unthinking Great,
His former Grandeur and his present State.

HIS lofty Domes and marble Turrets rise,
And shooting Spires coequal with the Skies;
Around his pleasing Parks I seem to rove,
Thro' shady Vista's and the gloomy Grove;
Or in his stretch'd out Gardens, where is seen,
The sloping Terras, and ascending Green:
Where *Phæbus* and the *Thunder-bearing God*
Are plac'd, and *Hermes* holds his snaky Rod;
Where marble *Naiads* fill the watry Seat,
And cooling Grotto's ward from Summer's Heat;
While crowds of Servants round the Idol stand,
And wait officiously for each Command.
I hear soft Musick on the Ev'ning Glade,
And Flutes melodious animate the Shade,
Whilst Woodbine and the fragrant Jasmine share
Their vernal Odours to the wanton Air;

While

While the soft downy Minutes pass along,
 Fill'd with the well-told Tale and lively Song,
 While at full Marble Tables strow'd profuse,
 Th' Indulge the Taſt and quaff the fragrant Juice,
 Pale meager *Sickneſs* enters un-observ'd,
 And hands each dang'rous Dainty that is Carv'd,
 Or ev'ry Diſh breaths its infectious Soul,
 And dips its deadly Lips in ev'ry Bowl.
 Can all his Care exclude the hated Pow'r,
 Or fright the meager Enterer from his Door ;
 Who ſcorns the Cot, but ſeeks the ſtately Seat,
 And treads the Marble Floor with ſtagg'ring Feet.

A T midnight hour with fev'riſh Heat diſmay'd
 He aſks in haſte, and aſks the Leech's Aid ;
 He comes, applies himſelf beſide the Bed,
 Then leaves the Chamber with a ſhaking Head ;
As Cuſtom bids, preſcribes to eaſe his Pain,
 And orders Med'cines *which he knows are vain.*

Will

Will nothing do ? Can Wealth nor Riches save
 Me, trembling, from the greedy darksome Grave?
 Will not my large Possessions lengthen Breath?
 And *has not Wealth the Pow'r of bribing*
Death?

He cries ; and looks with wild distracted Eye,
 His Friends sit round and answer with a Sigh.
 In Agonies reluctant he expires,
 Short Grief succeeds as Decency requires.

THIS done, they strip the breathless Carcass
 bare,

And let in all th' inclemencies of Air :
 Thus dispossest'd of all you once could name,
 You boast a level of the meanest Claim.
 Of all thy Acres ev'ry one's deny'd,
 Only the Earth your narrow Corps can hide :
 For thy once boasted Seat and sumptuous Dome,
 The dark damp Vault and lonely hollow Tomb,

Of

Of all the costly Changes of Attire,
Which grac'd thy Pride, and made the world
admire.

No other Cov'ring now must be allow'd,
But the *pale Winding-sheet* and wollen *Shroud*
Strait to thy Arm, and ruff'd at the Hand,
The Chap-fal'n Muffler and the Fore-head Band;
Of all thy Wealth thy Death affords no more
Than Doles distributed among the Poor;
Nor Timber of the Woods you once possesst,
Except the Elm that frames thy uncouth *Chest*.

THE Heir proceeds the Fun'ral Rites to grace,
And bear him to the Ashes of his Race.

The Pageantry of Death proceeds on flow,
And gazing Numbers throng to view the Show,
While the pale guilty *Shade* no Rest allow'd,
But doom'd to wander, mixes with the Crow'd

Hovers

Hovers about th' inactive Form to meet,
 And fain would enter its forbidden Seat;
 Wonders to see the pompous Rites they pay,
 To its old Friend and once familiar Clay:
 He shudders as his well-known Friends appear,
 And sees his Son with artificial Tear.

FAR diff'rent he who justly understood
 Sacred important Truths and humane Good;
 Who studious sought to make the surest Claim,
 And see that Heav'n from whence his Virtue came.
 Whose Soul extensive Charity possess'd,
 And gen'rous Bounty always sway'd his Breast.
 Who never sought malicious Lies to raise,
 But silent Pitied what he could not Praise.
 Whose Heart and Tongue in strict Alliance join'd,
 Nor promis'd Favours which he ne'er design'd.
 Who sought Occasions how to Aid the Poor,
 And call'd the fainting Trav'ler to his Door:

Right

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Whose Heart was mov'd at the afflicted Sigh,

Th' extended Hand, and piteous lifted Eye :

Nor fail'd the Eye, with Answer rough deprest,

Nor th' empty spreading Palm return'd to bear
the Breast :

Who snatch'd the Prey from strong Oppression's
Paws,

Disarm'd its Rage, and brake its grinding Jaws.

Whose Mind no meditated Mischiefs knew,

Nor wish'd an Ill tho' to his mortal Foe ;

Who ne'r by Pow'r oppos'd the Course of Right,

Nor press'd the helpless, where he found he
might ;

Whose just Award kept jarring Friends in Awe,

And fav'd the long litigious Suits of Law ;

Who cloath'd himself with lasting Robes of
Right,

And grac'd with Justice shone a glorious Sight.

H

Right

Right, nobler Dress, than Purple *Tyrian* Gowns!
 And Justice fairer Ornament than Crowns!
 Whose Actions with a God-like Virtue shine
 An Emanation of the Pow'r Divine.

WHEN many Years are o'er, devoid of Strife,
 Age leads him stooping to the verge of Life.

With cheerful Look he gladly meets his End,
 And welcoms *Death*, his long expected Friend.

In all his Pangs fair *Hope* stands smiling by,

And *Faith* looks upward with expecting Eye.

Nor studious how to make a longer stay,

Views Heav'nly Plains and Realms of brighter

Day;

Shakes off her Load, and wing'd with ardent

Love,

Spurns at the Earth, and springs her flight above;

Soaring thro' Air to Realms where Angels dwell,

Pities the shrieking Friends, and leaves the

leaving Bell.

T H E N

T H E N all that hear, th' important Loss de-
plore,

And the Poor weep, who never wept before ;
And howling at his Obsequies attend,
And mourn the Husband, Father, and the Friend ;
Thro' crowds of Blessings is his Corps convey'd,
And lasting Praises wait upon his Shade ;

I N open Isles I cast around my Eyes,
And see the monumental Trophies rise,
For daring Youths, who fought the dusty Plain,
And Rostral Columns for the watry Main,
Inscrib'd the equal Praise of those to tell,
Who bravely conquer'd, or as bravely fell.

WITH these promiscuous plac'd, I see with
Rage

The silent Actors on a private Stage,
Whose empty Epitaphs themselves deride,
And tell us *only* that they *liv'd* and *dy'd*.
Who leave no other Proofs of what they were,
But the old prating Nurse, and Parish Register.
There lovely Maids who fell in youthful bloom,
Constrain'd to Shades by *Fate's* reversless Doom,
While *Death's* cold rifling Hand defac'd their
Charms,
And ravish'd from a Crowd of Vot'ry's Arms.

YE curious Fair, who tread the Solemn Way,
And View their Tombs, who once, like you,
were Gay,
Think on what trifling Chance your Pride de-
pends,
And see, surpriz'd, What Change on Death at-
tends,

When

When, what has Humour, Mirth and purple

Bloom,

Must pale as Box lie faded in the Tomb ;

Where Charms no more can make the Crowd

admire,

And Youths look solemn, and without desire ;

Ev'n the *dear He*, who once your Soul possess'd,

And panted glowing Vows upon your Breast,

No more remindful of your mouldring Charms,

Courts a new Face, and fills another's Arms ;

And studious how to pass his Hours away,

Frequents th' Assembly and the pleasing Play,

And Midnight Balls, in decent Black array'd,

Nor needs another Dress for Masquerade.

WHILE you no more to chearful Places

known,

Rest in a deep dark Vault and rest Alone ;

Where

Where not one Glimpse of Pleasure can appear
 And Mirth and Day are equal Strangers there.
 There no coy Air is seen, no artful Pride,
 No graceful Dance, when the cold Feet are ty'd;
 There Songs no more can tender Passions move,
 Raise warm Desire, or fan up glowing Love.
 The soft Spinett no more shall Mirth inspire,
 Nor Notes float dying on the trembling Wire;
 Nor warbling Musick leave the pleasing Tongue,
 But solemn Chaunting, and the Ev'ning Song:
 No Wax-lights there in polish'd Glass aspire,
 But weak dim Tapers sleep along the Quire.
 The twink'ling Lamps in distant Isles depend,
 And massy Pillars deeper Shadows send:
 No Revel here, or entertaining Play,
 Cuts Night too short, or hates th' encroaching
 Day.

Hither they only for Religion throng,
 Alas Devotion does not hold so long:

Their

Their Task perform'd they flock away a-pace,
And ev'ry one forfakes the dreary Place.

The hooded *Præbend* plods along before,
And the last *Virger* claps the ringing Door.

SHOULD any Curious Thoughtful stay alone,
In the dark Temple when the rest are gone,
No Noise shall strike his Ear, no murm'ring
Breath,
Nor one low Whisper in the Hall of Death ;
No sounding Foot to trample on the Floor,
Nought but the striking Clock, that wakes the
drowsy Hour.

THUS Death impartial levels in the Grave
The Young, the Old, the Captive, and the Slave.
"Here *Cart'ret's* hopeful Youth submits to Fate,
There *Par's* decrepid Age, tho' summon'd late,
Wondrous to tell! who could with Pleasure stand
See half t hree hundred Harvests cloath his Land!
And

And more than twice reach *David's* measur'd
Stage,

And more than half of *Nestor's* fabled Age.

SEE Learning's Ruin in the southern Isle,

Where Death exults in more than common
Spoil;

Where *Spanheim* sleeps, for medal'd Story known,

And *Cambden* Searcher from the buried Stone;

There gay St. *Evreumont* a Fav'rite Name,

And *Causabon* of no indiff'rent Fame:

Near *Barrow*, *England's Euclid*, rests, and there

Busby, once dreadful, sleeps, and *South* severe;

South, learn'd and good, Religion's stedfast Friend,

Strict to observe her Rules, and earnest to defend.

And *Briton's* Bards, the once inspir'd Throng,

Silent in Death, their tuneful Lyres unstrung.

Ye sacred Train! in peaceful quiet sleep,

Round whom the tuneful Nine their Vigils keep.

To

To *Chaucer's* Name eternal Trophies raise.
 And load the antique Stone with wreaths of Bays.
 Father of Verse! who in immortal Song,
 First taught the Muse to speak the English
 Tongue:
 In early time he rear'd his rev'rend Head,
 When Learning was with thick'ning Mists o'er-
 spread :
 When rhyming Monks in barb'rous Numbers try
 The Lives of Saints, and Feats of Errantry :
 Above such trifling idle Tales as these,
 His Muse disdain'd by Vulgar Ways to please :
 On the fam'd *Græcian Bard* he fix'd his Sight,
 And saw his Beauties through a Cloud of
 Night,
 With Flight advent'rous dar'd the darksome way,
 And gave the Promise of a following Day :
 And that he might his Meaning better meet,
 He made the *Mantuan Verse* a Lanthorn to his
 Feet :

Justly design'd, and with a steady View,
 And piercing Eye, he look'd all Nature thro'
 Not thro' the gaudy Prism and painted Glass,
 But saw her plain, and drew her as she was.
 His rough bold Strokes with rude unpolish'd
 Pride,

Art's curious Touch and nicest Care deride:
 The Warriour Tale, and *Arcite's* Love survey,
 And let the *Greek* and *Roman* Bards give way.

With Ivy crown immortal *Spencer's* Shrine,
 And grace his Shade with Rites almost Divine;
 Whose Heav'nly Muse describ'd in deathless
 Lays,
Eliza's Reign, and *Albion's* golden Days.

There *Drayton* rests, who sang the Barons
 Wars,
 The civil Discords, and intestine Jars:

Nor

Nor unsuccessful in the am'rous Page,
Esteem'd the *Ovid* of a former Age.

Here *Dav'nant*, *Shadwell*, *Rowe*, of Lawrel'd
Name.

There lofty *Denham* of superior Fame.
And He first rank'd among th' inspir'd Men,
The Muses Darling Son, Immortal *Ben*;
Who justly view'd the Vices of the Age,
And brought 'em boldly on the publick Stage;
No mean Designs and threadbare Plots were laid,
The Fop, and the intrigu'ing Chamber-Maid;
Poor weak Performances, which only show
The Conversation of the Pit below;
When to his Legs he purple Buskins ty'd,
And trod the Theater with tragick Pride?
Deep was his Language, Just the great Design,
To draw the Crimes of Artful *Cataline*.

What ancient *Greece*, or later *Rome* has shown.
 He fix'd in English Soil and made his own.
 On *Cowley's* Grave eternal Myrtles bloom,
 And all the Muses wait around his Tomb.
Cowley th' inspir'd *Nine's* peculiar care;
Cowley the Fav'rite of the British Fair;
 Whether he sports in gay *Anacreon's* Vein,
 Or boldly soars in *Pindar's* lofty Strain,
 And justly shews the *Theban* Bard improv'd,
 Or drew the Picture of that Life he lov'd.
 If here and there the Numbers harsh appear,
 And the rough Language grates the nicer Ear,
 Think that the Bard, tho' warm'd with noble
 Rage,
 Rose in a hurry'd and distracted Age;
 Study'd in Arms, no wonder then by Chance
 We find the Musick of the *Pyrrhick* Dance.

THE Field is *Pallas*' not the Muse's Care,
 They shun the Camp, and fly the Seat of War.
 On *Isis*' quiet Banks the Sisters stray,
 Or where the *Cam* thro' Willows winds its way.
 From busy Towns the tuneful Train retire,
 And Country Fields and silent Shades admire.

NO R pass my Muse, the tuneful * Prelate's
 Praise,
 Who round the sacred Mitre wreath'd the Bays;
 His Bosom warm'd with more than common Fire
 Array'd in holy Lawn, he boldly struck the Lyre,
 Such *Vida* was, *Vida* of Deathless Fame,
 Who reconcil'd the Priests and Poets Name.
Philip's great Name! a due regard commands,
 And Tablets rear'd by *Harcourt*'s gen'rous Hand,
 While Herefordian Tow'rs his Relicks hide,
 And o'er the Earth his Fame is wafted wide.

* The late Dr. *Sprat*, Bishop of *Rochester*.

Thy early Youth express'd such God-like Rage,
Such daring Flights we justly might presage
The growing Wonders of a riper Age.

But early Death did all our Hopes defeat,
And rob'd thy Country of a Prize too great.

WITH awful Eye I view great *Dryden's* Bust,
At distance bow, nor press too near his Dust;
With Pleasure see the letter'd Stone declare
In stately Pride, what noble Guest lies there;
No Epitaph thy Character displays,
'Tis high Presumption to attempt thy Praise.
A needless Task, for can that Creature be
Who has not heard of *Homer* and of thee?
This *Sheffield* knew, nor trifled with thy Fame,
But only bad the Marble bear thy Name.

LET

LET Travellers th' *Italian* Coast explore,
 Of pleasing *Baja* and the winding Shore,
 By *Virgil's* sacred Tomb immortal made,
 Round which th' unbidden Lawrel forms a
 Shade.

These Walls a Poet not inferior claim,
 And boast the Honour of as great a Name.

POETS themselves like common Mortals die,
 Such are the Laws of hard Necessity ;
 Not the sweet Musick of the pleasing Tongue,
 The heav'nly Numbers nor harmonious Song,
 Can plead suspension to the fleeting Breath,
 Or Charm th' inexorable Ears of Death,
 Who interrupts him even while he Sings,
 And with rude Fingers breaks the sounding
 Strings.

Homer,

Homer, who brought the Warriours deeds to
 light,
 And boldly snatch'd the Hero's Name from
 Night,
 Fell undistinguish'd like a common Name,
 Nor claim'd a Privilege, but empty Fame.
 Like him his Sons must view th' oblivious State,
 And *Prior*, *Pope*, and *Congreve* yield at length
 to Fate.



FINIS.

ERRATA.

P 2. l. 13. r. *sounding*. p. 15. l. 8. r. *Astrea*. p. 39. l. 8. blot out *dying*
 p. 40. l. 5. for *ar. and*. p. 31. l. 14. r. *strokes*. p. 36. l. 3. r. *prefer'd*. p.
 37. l. 19. r. *Arms*. p. 40. in the notes r. *Long spec*. p. 43. l. 2. r. *annam'd*. p. 44.
 l. 8. r. *sloping*. p. 45. l. 7. r. *o'er*. lb. l. 14. r. *he sends*.